

claimed: "that is Mrs. Braun, whom I saw get off the car carrying the oilcloth."

Acting Inspector O'Brien sent the detectives back to Woodside last night again to search the ditch for other evidence. He also delegated Detectives Price and Donohue to bring Mrs. Hafften and the other witnesses to the city to-day, when they will have a chance of identifying Mrs. Nack at Jefferson Market Jail. He also detailed one of his men to search Jackson Avenue, Long Island City, to try and locate "Frank Braun," the shoemaker.

At midnight the detectives reported that no man named Frank Braun was in the shoe business on Jackson Avenue.

BY SURREY TO WOODSIDE.

The Trip, Made by Way of Greenpoint, According to Witnesses Along the Way.

The Journal's investigations yesterday, independent of the police, indicate that the surrey ride of Mrs. Augusta Nack and Martin Thorn was upon the soil of Long Island instead of that of New Jersey, and that its terminus was the house in Woodside.

The surrey was seen for the first time about half-past 4 o'clock last Saturday a week ago in Greenpoint. At that hour a vehicle answering in all respects the description of that hired by Mrs. Nack from Undertaker Streuning and occupied by a man and woman, drew up in front of the saloon of John McGuire, at No. 213 Greenpoint Avenue.

McGuire's saloon is not more than five minutes' ride from the Greenpoint ferry, and is rarely patronized by carriage parties. It stands almost in the middle of a block of brick tenements, and does a business in which female customers play little or no part. McGuire has no accommodations for women.

The surprise of McGuire and the habits of his place, therefore, was by no means feligned when these two well-dressed strangers stopped their surrey in front of his place. McGuire and his bartender agree that the woman was dark and thick set, and that the man was ruddy-cheeked with a curling brown mustache.

The man asked McGuire if he and the woman could get something to eat there and the saloon keeper replied that if they would walk into his back room he could give them some sandwiches and beer. The stranger spoke to the woman in the surrey, who then alighted and walked into the large room just back of the bar.

The man asked McGuire if there was any place in the neighborhood where he could get some oats for his horse. He explained that he had a long way to go and wanted the horse braced up for the journey. McGuire asked carelessly where he was going, and the man replied that he had to drive "away down in Brooklyn."

McGuire got one of the young men about his place to go after some oats, and as soon as he saw the animal attended to the stranger joined the woman in the room back of the bar.

Bath had cheese sandwiches and a couple of glasses of beer, and talked volubly in English and German, while discussing the refreshments. Neither McGuire nor his bartender paid much attention to what was said.

Their luncheon finished, the two arose, paid the bill and drove away. Nobody looked to see which way they drove.

The direction taken by that surrey, however, was explained later by Barney Fallon, who works in the Cunningham boiler works, near the Greenpoint Avenue Bridge, and lives at No. 87 Greenpoint Avenue.

Fallon was at work on that Saturday afternoon, near a window overlooking the bridge, which was some time ago condemned as unfit for road traffic. A foot passage, however, is still preserved over the bridge, and four men are on duty there day and night to warn away carriages and to work the draw when required. Richard Scott is in charge of these men.

Fallon was looking out of the window when he saw a surrey, in which were a man and woman, drive up to the bridge. This was by no means an unusual occurrence, but it is a mistake never made except by complete strangers in the locality. For all Greenpoint and nearly all persons who have occasion to visit Calvary or the other cemeteries above the bridge are well aware of its being closed to road traffic.

Fallon says his attention was attracted to this particular surrey by the angry manner in which the man whipped up his horse when he found he could not get through. He beat the horse unmercifully and the woman seemed to be scolding the driver roundly.

The horse was dark. The last Fallon saw of the rig was when it turned off Greenpoint Avenue in the direction of Penny Bridge.

This, by the way, is the best means of striking a road to Woodside.

It is probable that they kept on by way of Laurel Hill until they reached Betty Avenue, which, although rough and hilly, furnishes a straight road into the village of Woodside. Betty Avenue is fringed at intervals with road houses and picnic parks, but as most of these were in full blast on that particular Saturday afternoon, the surrey passed over this portion of the road unnoticed.

The surrey appeared, however, according to Mrs. Hafften at the Second Street house between 5:30 and 6 o'clock that afternoon. She saw the man and woman who had rented the little house enter it, and this fact she afterwards reported to her employer, Mr. Buaia. She did not tell him, however, what she yesterday related to the police that when the couple left the house an hour or later they carried bundles out with them.

RENTING OF THE HOUSE.

Mrs. Buaia Talks About the Persons Who Represented Themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Braun.

Three frame houses in Second Street, Woodside, are owned by B. Buaia, a Frenchman, who does a wine and liquor business at No. 125 West Twenty-sixth street. After the police investigation of yesterday, Mr. Buaia was visited by detectives and cautioned against talking about the case. He referred all seekers for information last night to his wife.

Mrs. Buaia was wrought up over the affair, but consented to make the following statement regarding the renting of No. 340 Second Street.

"I rented the house on June 22 to a man who gave his name as Frank Braun. He said he was a shoemaker, with a store in Jackson Avenue, Long Island City. He was a fine looking man, with a big, brownish mustache, and the woman who accompanied him was large, dark and thick-set. Both had the appearance of Hebrews. When I asked the man how many were in the family he said only himself and wife. I told them they could have the house if they would take it for a year, and I would do so. The man paid me a rent and they went away. The next day the man came for the keys."

I did not have them, and sent him to Mr. Hafften, who lives in one of the houses and books after the others. Mr. Hafften told me Braun had said they would move into the house on Thursday, the 24th. I went out to Woodside that day, but they didn't come. Mrs. Hafften told me they came to the house on Saturday, but did not stay long. She gave them the keys and they went away, saying they would move into the house on Thursday or Friday of the following week. I did not ask them for references, because they seemed to be all right, and what they told me about themselves convinced me they were respectable persons. I have not heard from them since."

HERE IS THE TELEGRAM.

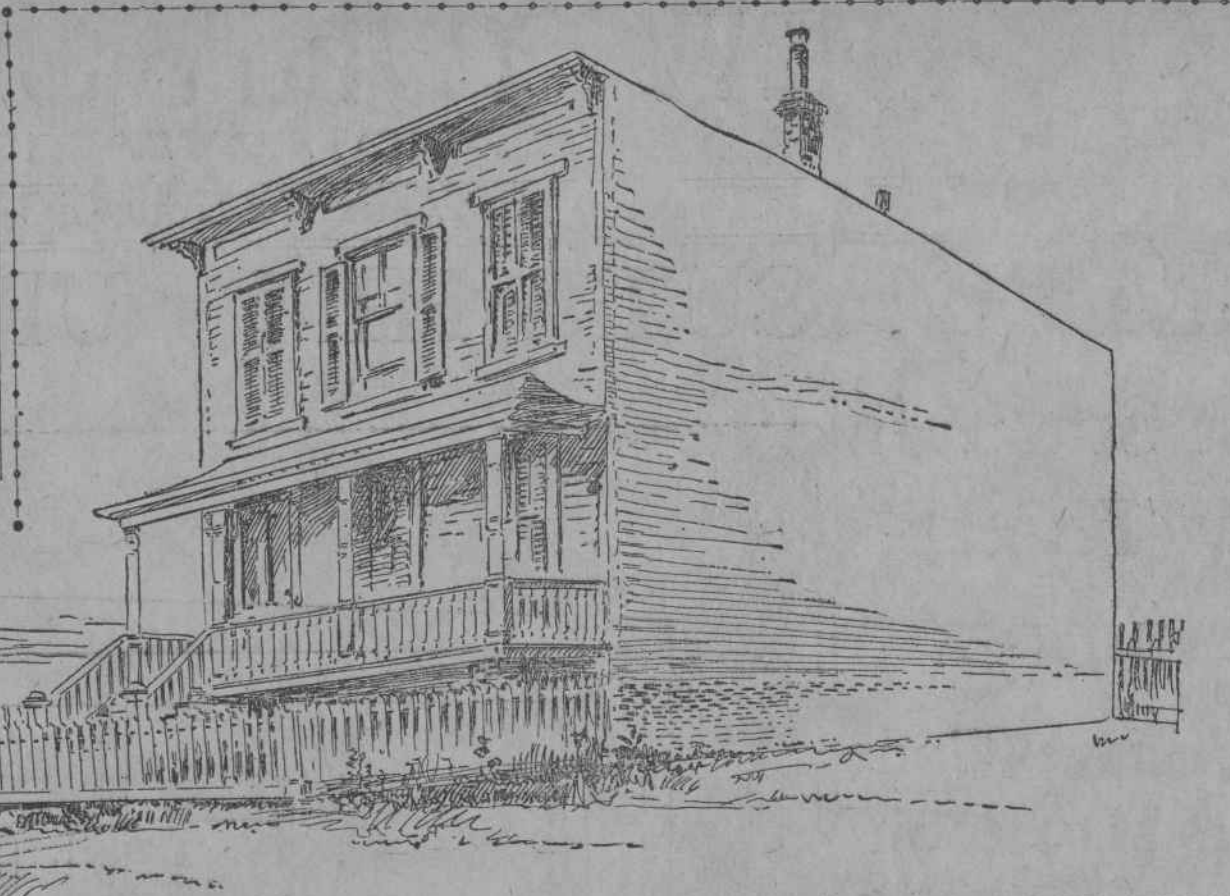
Put Guldensuppe Did Not Send It to Mrs. Nack, Though Purporting to Be Signed by Him.

The Journal discovered yesterday the exact wording of the telegram which was

Martin Thorn and a blond woman on Saturday, June 26, driving in a surrey on the road between Fort Lee and Cliffside, in New Jersey. That is the day on which Guldensuppe's arms were found in the East River. Thorn is said to have gotten out of the vehicle and walked into some dense woods on the east side of the road, just below Cliffside, and there to have lighted a fire and burned up something—perhaps bloody clothing. The two women waited for him.

This information was furnished by Mrs. Crooks, of Cliffside, whose house is just opposite the woods where the fire is said to have been started.

Mrs. Crooks is, so far as discoverable, the only person who saw Mrs. Nack and her two companions. Mrs. Nack is well known by many persons in both Cliffside and Fort Lee. Several years ago she was called to Frogtown professionally, and while there



House at Woodside, L.I., Where Police Say Guldensuppe Was Murdered.

The cottage is No. 36 Second Street. Mrs. Louisa Hafften, the caretaker, says a man and woman, calling themselves "Mr. and Mrs. Braun," rented the cottage shortly before the murder. The police Mrs. Hafften identifies Mrs. Nack by her photograph as the "Mrs. Braun." X shows the opening of the drain connected with the house, from which blood is said to have been seen flowing.

mopped his face with his handkerchief until it became wet. He hung it on a briar bush to dry and continued the game. He left it there, and it was taken by some one. Jimmie wants it back.

Dozens of picnics are given in those woods each week, and paper of every kind and description is strewn about. Any one can find almost any kind of paper he wishes over there.

The settled condition of that part of the village would make it a poor place to be lighting big bonfires which no one must see. Close to the road boys play ball. According to Mrs. Crooks's own statement, Thorn did not go far into the shrubbery. The police think it unlikely that any one would stand only 100 feet from the road not far from several cottages and burn up the evidence upon which his life might depend.

The road which Mrs. Crooks says the surrey took is a popular drive, and many were upon it at the hour Mrs. Crooks says the surrey started along its course. It runs from the Forty-second Street north to the ferry across the Hudson River at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. By going to the ferry across the Forty-second Street ferry one can drive through Fort Lee, Cliffside and Frogtown to the upper ferry. If Mrs. Nack took this road, as she is reported to have done, she could have driven up to One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue, and there thrown the part of the body in the woods, where it was found Saturday.

Mrs. Nack's property in Cliff Side was recorded in her maiden name, Augusta Paxat. This she is said to have done to keep Guldensuppe from knowing what she did with her money. She paid \$300 for the two lots, the greater part of which was in cash. She has since paid all, or nearly all, the money owed on the property.

A most thorough canvass along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and the avenues leading therefrom to the Park and the downtown routes on the West Side made yesterday by the Journal failed to bring to light any person who saw the surrey last Saturday afternoon. The information previously printed in the Journal that the surrey was not seen by the attendants of the roadhouses at the One Hundred and Tenth Street entrance of the Park was further confirmed.

Daniel P. Sullivan, of No. 305 West One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street, has been the ticket seller and gatekeeper at the Forty-second Street West Shore ferry for twelve years. Sullivan, a week ago Saturday, was due to relieve his associate at the 6 o'clock boat. He got down to the ferry house a little before that hour, however, and was ready for work when the 5:45 boat, the Oswego, was ready to leave.

As the crowd started on to the boat a man who had been waiting for several hours and had in the meantime imbibed freely at the adjacent saloons, was taken with delirium tremens. At the same moment a low hung, canopy topped surrey wagon entered the ferry house, and the driver stopped in front of the ticket seller's door.

"There were two persons in the surrey," Sullivan said yesterday afternoon, "and the rig impressed me. The man faced me as he bought the tickets and the woman's face was turned toward the man with the de-

lusion. I should have said the man was five feet seven or eight and heavily set. His heavy mustache had a peculiar upward curl. As the horse started I noticed a bundle between the seats. I should have said it was wrapped in some sort of dark paper.

"Do you think you could recognize the woman if you saw her again?"

"I do not know that I could, but I am sure I should know the man's face anywhere."

John Goode is the ticket taker at the same ferry. He receives the tickets Sullivan sells. He corroborated Sullivan's story.

When the men left their work last night at 6 o'clock they were taken to Jefferson Market prison. Ten of eleven female prisoners were taken out into the hall and marched before the two men. The men looked them all over carefully, and they marched back and forth several times. Neither Sullivan nor Goode could swear that he had ever seen any of them before.

O'BRIEN IS INDIGNANT.

Protest Against False Reports of "Third Degree" Methods with Mrs. Nack.

The Journal told yesterday the falsity of reports that Acting Inspector O'Brien and the police had subjected Mrs. Nack to intimidation in their efforts to secure a confession. But the continuance of such stories caused the acting inspector to issue a specific denial yesterday. In it he says:

Having noticed statements in the morning newspapers to-day that Mrs. Augusta Nack while in custody at this Bureau was subjected to improper treatment, I deem it my duty to the public to brand all such statements as false and without the slightest foundation.

There has been at no time during the interval of her arrest and subsequent commitment for examination at Jefferson Market Court any display at my office of the articles of evidence secured in this case for the purpose of influencing a confession from Mrs. Nack. I am utterly opposed to such time novel practices, false "third degrees" or other nonsense which I read of occasionally in the public press, and further have no confidence whatever that any good results can be obtained thereby, and have not in the past nor will I in the future resort to such action while in command of the Detective Bureau to secure confessions from persons charged with crime.

Whenever statements are secured from persons under arrest at this Bureau they are cautioned that the same will be used against them.

On June 30, Mrs. Pauline Reiger, of No. 205 Jackson Avenue, Long Island City, was at the Detective Bureau. She identified Mrs. Nack as the woman to whom she sold oilcloth, etc., and while taking Mrs. Reiger's statement I received a telephone message from Police Headquarters, Brooklyn, that a portion of a human body had been picked up in the East River at the Navy Yard. I then made a request of Superintendent McKelvey to have the remains delivered to my detectives. Mrs. Reiger consented to remain at my office until the arrival, for the purpose of identifying the material in which the remains were wrapped. Mrs. Reiger identified a portion of the wrappings as material similar to that which she had sold Mrs. Nack.

I then spoke to Mrs. Nack, who was in my office, and told her that Mrs. Reiger had made a further identification, and asked me if she would like to look at the contents of the parcel. She replied that she would, and was shown into the room where they were placed on the floor. She said she did not believe they were Guldensuppe's, and was brought back to my office. This was the only exhibit-

tion of any kind to which she was subjected, and that with her own consent.

CERTAIN OF HIS IDENTITY.

August Petersen, a Nephew of Guldensuppe, Identifies the Mutilated Body as That of His Uncle.

August Petersen, of No. 1215 North Third Street, Philadelphia, went to the Morgue yesterday morning with Detective Barrett and positively identified the mutilated body as that of William Guldensuppe.

Petersen is the engineer of the West End Electric Light Company, of Philadelphia, and Guldensuppe was his uncle.



Important Evidence in the Murder Mystery.

The picture is a good likeness of Mrs. Nack. Residents of Woodside, L. I., identify it as the police say, as a likeness of the "Mrs. Braun" who hired a cottage there. The ring was left by Guldensuppe at the Murray Hill Baths. If he had intended to leave the city, the police say, he would have called at the bath for it before he departed.

He identified the body by a scar on the floor of the left arm, above the elbow, about the size of a dime, another on the first finger of the left hand, about three-quarters of an inch in length; the left leg from the knee down and the left foot being larger than the right; the overlapping toes, which are a peculiarity of the whole family, and a scar one-half inch long, which was made by falling on a rusty nail.

Guldensuppe's right name, Petersen says, is "Guldensuppe." He lived with Petersen up to about a year ago.

THORN CANNOT ESCAPE.

Police Believe He Is Still Here, but Have Arranged to Trap Him Wherever He Is.

The police believe Thorn is in New York and that they will soon have him in custody. They base this belief on the fact, already stated, that B. Buaia, owner of the cottage at Woodside, received, yesterday, a letter postmarked in New York Friday night, in the exact handwriting used in the original telegram received by Mrs. Nack Saturday, June 26.

Notwithstanding this the police have taken steps to catch Thorn should he have taken ship abroad. A general alarm has been sent out, and the police of Liverpool and Southampton have been scabbed to watch all incoming steamers, and especially the Majestic and Paris, which sailed on Wednesday. A good description of Thorn has been sent to the police of these and all other European cities.

Saratoga Has a Suspect.

Saratoga, Springs, N. Y., July 3.—A man filling the published description of Martin Thorn was seen here on Tuesday and Wednesday. He claimed to be a barber, and was in search of employment for the Summer. He called at several of the principal barber shops, but found no additional help was needed.

At one shop, Tuesday afternoon, he dropped the remark that he was tired of looking for a job, and thought he might go to Troy Wednesday or Thursday, as he had heard of a vacancy there.

He was a man of striking address, and spoke English with a slight German ac-

cent. The last seen of him was early Wednesday afternoon.

Detective Fogarty, of New York City, has been in town for several days, and will remain till early next week. Fogarty says he is taking his vacation, and is not looking for Thorn. Two men, believed to be detectives, made a hurried visit here this morning, and viewed all the barber shops in town. They are said to have left, south-bound, early this evening.

Mrs. Thorn in Montreal?

Montreal, Quebec, July 3.—At the Allan line steamship offices here they remember a man who answers the description of Thorn. The booking clerk, Mr. Campbell, says this man took a ticket for Liverpool on the 26th. He was thirty-five years old, weight about 160 pounds, had a fair complexion and reddish brown hair, and his mustache turned up like that of Emperor William of Germany.

The reason Campbell noticed the man particularly was that he refused to get a berth from him, saying he could do better on board the ship. The ticket was for the State of California. Last night, before the State of California left, Mr. Campbell noticed the man, in company with another, go aboard. They were under the influence of liquor. After they arrived on board they shook hands and the other man went away. Mr. Campbell did not get the name to be certain, but wrote him down as "H. Duane."

This man did not speak with a German accent, and Mr. Campbell noticed no scar on the bridge of his nose. The man was dressed in a dark suit and wore a light brown derby hat.

The stranger took his dinner at the Albion Hotel, on McGill Street, before going to the steamer. He had hung around the hotel for the greater part of the day, and had a drink with one or two men. Ned, the chief clerk, and Joe, the head waiter, say he had no baggage.

He walked up to the deck at 6 o'clock and said he was going to England that night. He was shown to the dining room and ate his dinner. As soon as he had finished he called to Joe, the head waiter. Joe did not respond at once, and he became impatient and called again. When Joe came to him he wanted to know how much the dinner was, and Joe said he had to settle at the desk. This did not please him, but he paid the clerk. He left the hotel at 7 o'clock. He did not occupy a room and did not register. It is said that when he arrived at the boat there was no berth left for him.

Quebec, July 3.—The State of California is here, and the steamship giving the name of Duane is aboard, having shipped from Montreal last night.

Acting Inspector O'Brien has communicated with the police authorities of Quebec, and an investigation is being made.

BLOOD IN THE COTTAGE.

Deputy Coroner Kewling Investigates the Woodside House on His Own Account.

After the New York detectives left the Woodside cottage yesterday Deputy Coroner of Woodside Edward H. Kewling and his assistant, James McDonough, made a search of the place on their own account. Mr. Kewling was very much impressed

received on Monday, June 28, by Mrs. Nack. She has persisted that the telegram was signed by William Guldensuppe (note well the spelling), and she declined positively it came from him.

The telegram was sent from the Western Union office at No. 70 Eighth Avenue at or about 8 a. m. of the day on which Mrs. Nack received it. The Journal has learned positively that it was written in the telephone office on Eighth Avenue by a man who corresponded in every respect with the police description of Martin Thorn, alias Thorn.

The original telegram, of which the police have a tracing, shows conclusively that the writing is that of a man of good, average education. On the contrary the handwriting of Guldensuppe is that of a man who is practically illiterate. The handwriting of the latter was furnished by F. Braucher, of No. 343 East Seventy-fifth Street, corner of First Avenue. He had an envelope in his possession on which Guldensuppe two years ago had written his name and his address as No. 113 West Forty-second Street.

The message contained in the telegram came to Mrs. Nack at 8:30 o'clock, one-half hour after it was sent. It was handed to her by messenger boy No. 2,005, who says that when she received it and had torn the envelope open she asked him to read it for her. The boy's reply was characteristic:

"Now, I can't read Dutch."

The wording of the telegram is as follows:

"Bitte gebe wo ich garbitet habe und sage ich werde nich kommen da ich verreisen will. Brief volge."

"WILLIAM GULDENSUPPE."

A free translation is to the effect that: "Please go and tell the people where I have worked that I will not come back. I am going on a voyage; letter will follow."

It will be noticed that in the signature attached to the telegram the name Guldensuppe is spelled with one "p" and with a final "i" instead of an "e."

It is known positively that Guldensuppe never spelled his name as it appeared in the telegram, but always Guldensuppe. Apart from that the writing is of too superior a character for a man of the bath attendant's attainments in penmanship.

Acting Inspector O'Brien acknowledged yesterday afternoon to two Journal reporters that the phonology of the telegram was exactly as given.

O'Brien said further that he was sure that the telegram was a "blind," and that it was not written by Guldensuppe. He declared:

"I now have several specimens of Guldensuppe's handwriting, and they do not compare in the slightest degree with that of the telegram."

The sender of this telegram was undoubtedly the man known as Thorn, who although he was a barber was a little bit above his station, and had some education.

The acting inspector also admitted that the telegram was sent from No. 70 Eighth Avenue, as was announced exclusively in the issue of the Journal on Thursday, July 1, and only formed a stronger proof of Guldensuppe's violent death.

MRS. NACK IN HER CELL.

She Grows Cheerful When She Hears That She Is Free, for a Time, from Captain O'Brien's Men.

For the first time since her arrest Mrs. Augusta Nack slept peacefully on Friday night. It was her first night in the Jefferson Market Prison. The decision of Magistrate Flammer that she be confined there and thus removed from the espionage of the police, apparently lifted a great load from Mrs. Nack's mind. She was to be free from her inquisitors. She was no longer to be confronted with perplexing questions.

"Is it really true that I need see no one I do not care to?" was the first question she asked the matron, and on being answered in the affirmative she laughed outright in her gloom. The look of intense anxiety cleared from her face as if by magic, and she laughed and chatted with Matron McKee as freely as if care was to her a thing unknown.

Mrs. Nack was conducted to a small cell on the second tier. A barred window overlooks Tenth Street, and through the grating she caught a glimpse of the western sunlight, reflected on the house tops. The cell contains a small iron cot.

After glancing over the tiny room Mrs. Nack seated herself and asked for something to read—a book, if possible—but she wanted no newspapers. Not once since she was taken into custody has she asked for papers. She has not manifested the least desire to know what is being published concerning her.

The matron gave her a book and, after an hour's reading, Mrs. Nack retired, and almost immediately sank into a sound slumber.

MRS. NACK IN JERSEY?

The at First Seemingly Important Report of Mrs. Crooks Falls When Investigated.

Mrs. Nack is said to have been seen with



Bathtub in Which It Is Believed Guldensuppe's Body Was Cut Up.